VAGRANT LOVE.

When honeysuckles blow, And fill the neighboring air with their perfume, Then do I inly swear There is no aummer scent so rare. But later comes the rose. Fragrant past thought—the fairest flower that blows; And then, foreworn, I swear There is no summer scent so rare.

Nove the honeyed flower,
And I love true, a honeysuckle hour;
But later comes the rose,
Fragrant past thought, and fairest flower that blows.

-IELLINOR HOWELL

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

WILSON AND HIS FAMILY.

Wilson Mainwaring was a literary genius—that must be taken as proved. His friends said so, and they had the best opportunities of knowing; he, for his own part, had no doubt upon the point, and he was accounted a judge. His enemies of course held a different opinion, but that was a circumstance rather in his favor than otherwise. for when was there ever a genius without enemics who decried him? It is useless to disguise the fact that there was-besides friends and enemies-a considerable quantity of people in the world who had never heard of Wilson Mainwaring, and neither knew nor cared whether he were a genius or not; but, as he himself remarked, the same might be said of Shakespeare, an argument which seems to the present writer at any rate totally unan-

Let us, therefore, consider it settled that Wilso Mainwaring was a literary genius, admirable alike in prose and verse, in stories, essays, criticisms, lyrics, epies and dramas. It is true that he had not quite finished his first novel, that only two books out of twelve of his epic were completed, and that his tragedy lacked the fourth and fifth notes; but he had written ground recent and short. acts; but he had written several poems and short "Eimhurst Independent," and had stories for the once or twice found acceptance for similar ware

at the hands of London editors.

Who, having these facts before them, shall say that it was presum tuous of Wilson to selemnly dedicate his future life to the pursuit of literature? As he himself put it, there was plenty of money in the family already, and what it wanted now was distinction. This he proposed with the help of his pen to supply in the requisite quantity. It will cheer and surprise the experienced reader know that his family were suitably grateful. this mother and two sisters frankly worshipped him, while his father, about deeming a decent reticence becoming in a man of the world, was not really much better; for having been entirely a man of action all his life, he was now able to divest himself of a certain tremendous awe of printed matter, and of persons elever enough to produce it. Wilson's various productions were therefore hailed with great enthusiasm in his own and the only misgiving of these excellent peor 1: was lest excessive study and application doublingure the gifted youth's constitution before he had achieved undying fame; a misgiving which Wilson perhaps did not always take the best means of allaying, for he would at times grasp lis mighty blow with both hands, and glate arcund him as if he feared his teeming brain were about to lap from his skull, and at others would toss long hair wearily back, and sink upon a sofa though utterly worn out with the vast mental

strain his labors imposed upon him.

One day after these agonized performances had bren duly gone through, his mother ventured upon a more vigorous expostulation than usual.

"Wilson, you were up late again last night, I saw the light under your door. You will undermine your health if you are not more careful. You know the doctor says your constitution is by no means strong; you must take more rest."
"Rest. mather!" re-eated Wilso abstractedly, gazing into space. "Rest-what is rest?"

Sleep-that's rest," returned his mother; "lying on the sofa and doing nothing-playing at

Wilson with intense scorn. As, monted, I have a work to do wear out, not rust out. I feel I have a work to do and had acted certainly an eccentric and perhaps in the world; I want it to be a better place fore done all he wanted to do, and was in no fore done all he wanted to do, and was in no because I have lived in it."

"But not if I lie upon sofas, and—and—play at draughts," replied Wilson, "Mother, you ought to know by thus time that genius is a law to itself One of these days you will be very glad that I did not take your advice, and cultivate idleness."

"Mind you don't overdo it, Wilson,—mind you don't overdo it," rejoined the anxious mother. At this moment Wilson's two sisters Olive and Lottie, aged respectively seventeen and fifteen, weekel into the room Olive here an open news-

Mainwaring, on the Education of Infants is, in

"Well done, Wilson:" cried Mrs. Mainwaring.
"I am rather proud of that article myself."
remarked the author with grave complacency. the rector told me he thought it especially fine. He said it showed an almost miraculous intuitive

grasp of the subject."

"Mind you don't get vain, Wilson," said Mr. Mainwaring, who entered just in time to catch

"I do not see how that can very well happen. father," res onded Wilson with some indignation.
"I am thankful that I have greater ability, and can therefore do more good than most people, but I never felt the slightest temptation to vanity. I do not think there is any fear of my ever being

"Oh, no," said Lettie fervently. "Wilson would have been vain before now if he had any vanity in him-Wilson, here's a wonderful letter for you with a coronet u on it." Wilson turned the en-velope over in his hands with extreme perplexity; he gazed at the coronet, at the address, at the postmark, and could make nothing of any of

sisters. Wilson adopted the suggestion with an air of calm sureriority. There was no letter, only a very thick gilt-edged card, but at sight of it Wilson's face flushed and he could not retain

"An invitation from Epsom Towers!" he ex-

chimed triumphantly.
"Oh, let's see-let's see!" shricked the sisters, rushing upon him, while his father and mother exchanged glances of unmistakable satisfaction. "For the archery meeting on the 17th of July, cried Lottie. "Why, Wilson, that's the swellest

The Earl and Countess of Epsom present their compliments," read Olive. "Oh my! Just fancy! Why, it's like a novel."

"I can tell you. Wilson, there are plenty of people in the county who would gladly give twenty pounds for that invitation," said Mr. Mainwaring.

'It is a great compliment to us all." remarked wife. "Why. Mrs. Bryce has been giving his wife. "Why. Mrs. Bryce has been giving herself airs for the last six months because her daughter went to the New Year's ball, but that is nothing to this. This is one of the most select gatherings they have."

Wilson had by this time recovered from his urprise. "As a rule," he said, "I think it well or Literary men to be exceedingly careful in all their dealings with the aristocracy, lest they should compromise their independence of mind in any way. But there is no fear of anything of that sort with me, so I shall have no hesitation in

accepting the invitation."

"Hesitation—I should think not, indeed!" cried stopped. Olive. "Why, it might be the making of you, Wil on. You will meet all the best county people. But there-we must go-are you ready?"
"Ready for what?" asked her brother.

" For the garden party at the Rectory, of course," screamed both girls at once. "Surely you have not forgotten that this is the afternoon?"

"I have been thinking of more important tters," replied Wilson dreamily. "But I can matters," replied Wilson dreamily. le ready in five minutes."

11. AT THE GARDEN PARTY.

The Rectory garden, with its trim lawn, well filled flower beds and shady paths, looked exceedingly lovely in the bright sunlight of that teeslingly lovely in the bright sunlight of that June afternoon, and the gay toilettes of the "rank, fashion and beauty of Elmhurst" (I quote from the "Independent") "added double lustre to the scene." Old Lady Tiffin was there, of course. She was the only titled person that Elmhurst could boast, and as a matter of fact she was no more than the widow of a highly respectable chiropodist, knighted for his faithful cutting of royal corns during many years. But to Elmhurst people in and to herself in particular si her husband had been a marquis. She patronized Wilson, partly because his father was rich, and partly because she thought

it the duty of the higher classes to encourage

literature.

"Ah, my Poet:" she said, with a weird and grisly attempt at a smile, when Wilson appeared upon the lawn, "how is it with the tuneful seven, or nine, or whatever they are? Come and sit by me and talk; these young people are too frivolous, they can think of nothing but lawn tennis and flirting." Wilson sat down languidly, and Cholop, the young Elmhurst surgeon, eyed him with envy. Lady Tiffin was always taking physic, and it was gerfectly impossible to do ber any harm. She was an invaluable subject for a young and was an invainable subject for a young and inexperienced practitioner to experiment upon, but Chollop could not achieve an introduction as yet. Two or three awkward hobbledchoys, clustered, as such an mals will cluster, in the very centre of the lawn, also gaped at the fortunate poet in awe, and there was quite a flutter among the young ladies who formed by far the largest part of the gathering, for Wilson was the best eatch in the

neighborhood.
"You see," said the malicious old woman, holding up her great gold eyeglasses by their long toring up her great gold eyeglasses by their long tor-toiseshell handle, and peering through them at the company, "here at any rate you are safe, my dear. Why, who in the world can it be? How oddly got up! And yet a certain air!" Wilson glanced at the direction indicated, and saw a young lady dressed in a tight fitting iron gray costume, and warring a hat to match her dress. Not a speck of color, not an atom of pewelry, relieved the sombreness of her attire, which by contrast with the gorgeous toilettes around her was certainly noticeable. "I never saw her before," said Wilson, after

a short survey.
"Rather chic, isn't she?" remarked the old lady, "Oh, good gracious!-of course," she added, suddenly dropping her eyeglasses, "she's the Rector's new governess, 'highly recommended,' as

archery meetings are not what they were. You'll meet the tag, rag, and bob-tail of the county." Wilson turned away to hide a smile. Lady Tiflin

was never invited to the Towers,
"What did you say the governess's name was ?"
he asked to change the conversation,
"I didn't say," snapped Lady Tiffin; "but it is
Reydell, if you want to know. Now you may go.

Wilson; here is the rector, and I want to speak

soon finding each other out, sounding in his ears. Saluting cavalierly as he went such of his many female admirers as he passed, he stepped

me to Miss Reydell."

The rectors wife looked displeased, not to say scandalized, "What, the governess?" she said sharply; and then rejenting. "But you literary men are always so eccentric. I semetimes think you try to be, you know. Why, I knew an artist—that's not exactly a literary man, but it's all the same—who stayed up all n'ght to eatch—
zome to think of it—Miss Rey lell, allow me to
introduce you to Mr. Wilson Mainway: 12 of whem
you have heard the rector speak—son of a very great friend of ours, and himself a celebrity '
And without waiting for any reply, Mrs. Wallis

And without waiting for any repty, Mrs. Waitis marched off. Her's each and manner had said as plainly as pessible, "Hireling, I obey the carrier of a boy, lieware how you take advantage of it." Wilson bowed, and dropped Emply into a garden at present; he was a very considerate fellow, and he feared she might be overswed if she met his eyes. His action in patronizing the governess, whom nobody thought worth speaking to, had been enrefully studied. He know that every girl "Doing nothing-playing at draughts!" echood upon the lawn was writing in impotent envy. Wilson with intense scorn. "No, mother, I must be knew that he had rendered nimself conspicuous wear out, not rust out. I feel I have a work to do and had acted certainly an eccentric conspicuous in the worlds." "It must be that, my son," exclaimed his "what an insufferable snob," remarked Miss

"What an insufferable snob!" remarked Miss and extract the mother proudly.

"But not if I lie upon sofas, and—and—play at draughts," replied Wilson, "Mother, you ought to know by thus time that genius is a law to itself. One of these days you will be very glad that I did not take your advice, and cultivate idleness."

"I was alluding to Mrs. Wallis," responded Miss Reylell coolly, "It is really a pity that such people do not learn the elements of pelite behavior. That woman is a perfect savage to her dependents."

By the mother proudly.

"What an insufferable snob!" remarked Miss as element of the much. His even there, we containing the people do not learn the elements of pelite behavior. That woman is a perfect savage to her dependents. At this moment Wilson's two sisters Olive and Lottic, aged respectively seventeen and fifteen, rushed into the room. Olive hore an open newspaper. Lottle a letter, in the "Independent" of paper. Lottle a letter.

"Here's a notice in the "Independent" of Wilson's article in the "Parish Magazine," exclaimed the former with much excitement. Listen! broad forelead and thoughtful eyes; above all, "The paper by our talented townsman. Mr. Wilson is the paper by our talented townsman. Mr. Wilson is the paper by our talented townsman. Mr. Wilson is the paper by our talented townsman. Mr. Wilson is the paper by our talented townsman. Mr. Wilson is the paper by our talented townsman. Mr. Wilson is the paper by our talented townsman in the paper by our talented townsman. Mr. Wilson is the paper by our talented townsman in the pa every gesture a baughty and complete sell-

with some final currosity, for it is remotely possible hat the insect may be rare, but after with utter indifference; "common as the day, and not even a good specimen," his eyes seem to say as he passes on. And that is exactly what

say as he passes on. And that is exactly what sais Reydell's eyes seemed to any as she scancel back axily in her chair after examining her companion, and remarked,

"Lee us see how the case stands. I say Mrs. Wallis doesn't know how to lenave, and you say that she is a very old friend of yours, but attachments are doubtless true, but I don't see what they have to do with each other."

Wisen was hot and nurried, and his usual flow of language had quite descried him. I didn't like to hear you speak so severely of Mrs. Wallis," he explained at last.

"And I didn't like to have cause for doing

so," rejoined Miss Reyterl dr ly; arts (which there was an awkward pause, Wilson having decided that Mrs. Wallis was quite capable of fighting her own battles without any assistance.

The governess broke the stience. "I have been reading your article on the "Education of infants," she said. ants," she said.
Wilson breathed more freely; the girl was a

dreading person, but she knew what was due to genius; he bridded for a compriment.

Ansa Reydell aughed a self-contained laugh that alarmed him.

'I was much amused," she proceeded. "I saw at once that it was by somebody who knew horning of the subject. In fact, I thought it must be a loke at first, but I am sure you are not capable

of a joke like that."

Wilson gas, et and the most trivial incidents in his past life lashed before his mind's eye with inconceivable rapidity and vivioness. He recoliceted, among other things, stealing an apple from an old woman's stall when he was lour years old. Was the world coming to an end? 1 am very sorry," he stammered, and then

You need not be," replied the governess; "1 know something of infants, and I am sorry I do You may think yourself lacky that you don't." "You misunderstand me, said Wilson. I was going to express my sorrow that you didn't like my essay. Other reopie have praised it," Miss Reydell did not seem overawed by this circum-

"You talk of Plate, and of children remembering a previous state of existence," she went on "Surely you don't believe such stuff as that?"

"Miss Reyderl," said Wilson, "are you acquainted with Wordsworth's great ode?" quainted with Wordsworth's great ode?"
"I knew we should come to that ode," replied the governess, shaking her head. "Oh, yes, I know it well enough, but I don't see how it affects the argument. Plato's idea may be good enough for poetry, but for a practical article in a parish magazine one expects something of a higher class altegether." Wilson was now in a profuse perspiration. He would have given twenty pounds to be twenty miles away from this appalling young to be twenty miles away from this appalling young

"You are dreadfully ironical," he murmured. "At any rate," she retorted, "I am quite serious in saying that I think Plato's idea rubbish. I know to my sorrow something of children, of whom I suppose Plato knew nothing, and Wordsserious in saying that I think Plato's idea rubbish. I know to my sorrow something of children, of whom I suppose Plato knew nothing, and Wordsworth little, and to think of them as trailing clouds of glory out of heaven is preposterous. They trail clouds of shame from the ancestral ape. There's Bertie Wallis, for example, my eldest

pupil, at present much more of a monkey than a human being."

speaker as though to man recommended itself in her voice as she replied. "I do not know the Farl or Countess. she replied. "I do not know the Farl or Countess, I only know some friends of theirs." Wilson was too much proceeuped at the moment with his own embarrassment to notice that of the 29x-crness, but he remembered it afterward. In desperation he tried another subject.

"Do you-do you-like poetry?" he asked, in a tone which none of his lady admirers would have recognized, so hestating and timid had it become.

"No, I don't." responded Miss Reydell with great decision. "The fact is, I hate it; but then I have known so many poets, and they were all

great decision. "The fact is, I hate it; but then I have known so many poets, and they were all so very objectionable, that it is no wonder I have taste for their works."

Wilson could not restrain a movement of sur-"So many poets?" he repeated.

"Yes," replied Miss Reydell; "but there Yes," replied Miss Reydell; "but there is nothing wonderful about that, they are common enough—Oh, bother! I forgot you are a poet—and I forgot something else as well. You have been talking to me too long; Mrs. Wallis is furious, she is going to send the rector to say I am wanted in the house. The woman is roturiere to the in the house. The woman is returiere to the finger-tips! The rector is not bad, but oh so inger-tips! The rector is not bad, but oh so stupid! Now, to prevent that little manœuvre, I will go before his reverence gets here with his message. Good-byc, Mr.—Mr. Poet; and with a stately inclination of her head this most unpre-

Rector's new governess, 'highly recommended,' as tately inclination of her head this most unpresent the loss no opportunity of telling everybody, 'by some friends of the Earl and Countess of Epsom.'"

"I am invited to the archery meeting at the Towers next month," said Wilson, who had been waiting an opportunity to publish this important piece of news ever since he sat down.

"Ah, yes," drawled Lady Tiffin, glancing at him with sudden envy and disfavor. "Those archery meetings are not what they were, You'll said Wilson; "where does she come from?"

"I don't eyacity know," replied the rector;

"I don't exactly know," replied the rector;
"she was recommended to us—highly recommended—by some friends of the Farl and Countess of Epsom. By the way, Wilson, I am charmed to hear from your sisters that you are invited to the archery meeting at the Towers. With your abilities such an introduction to the yery highest species. archery neeting at the Tovar and the very highest society may have great results for you." Wilson acknowledged the compliment, and the rector stood watching till the governess disappeared in the

"Take my seat, Dr. Wallis," said Wilson, and strelled off, with the rector's claborate double barrelled compliment, about beauty and intellect compliance, about beauty and intellect with Mrs. Wallis, Hah—hum!"

He went away shaking his head; common report averred that he had some little difficulty of a Wilson wandered off in another direction,

to the lady she was talking with, and bending down, murmured in her ear. "Pease introduce me to Miss Reydell."

The rector's wife looked displeased, not to say scandalized, "What, the governess?" she said who hap ened to be Miss strong upon him with indignant seern, saying. "You have said it is very hot, and very coid; that your mother is well, and that she is ill; that she is in hed and out for a walk. I fear Miss Reydeli's enchanting conversation has specied you for anything less intellectual." And without waiting for ly Miss Golding departed, to revenge herself

Wilson's EATS BRAIN 10 OFFN.

Wilson dragged his sisters away as soon as he could, and leaving them to their exuberant comments, fled upstairs. His mind was in a whirf. In his moral being chaes was come again. His calm self-complacency, till that day impregnable,

His eyes, wan bring discontentedly here and there, were caught by the "Parish Magazine" containing his unfortunate article. He took it up and read the essay half through; then be hurled the book from him with a groan. Deep in the most sceret recesses of his moral consciousness a still small voice spoke saying, "Insufferable programment of the properties of the properties have been been as the properties."

when you have not read it."

"I'm not likely to praise it if I do read it."
retorted Ford, rather nettled, But Wilson was gone, and that night be did not write a word.

During the next few days he bled much inat the was surresingly deficient in this respect, for which he began to feel rather better, and in about a week a restless desire seized him to see her again and wije out his former discomfiture. He prepared himself somewhat elaborately for the encounter, and devised plans for leading the the encounter, and devised plans for leading the discourse into damerous channels for her. He composed quite a series of imaginary conversations with her too, in which it is needless to say she came off very badly. The interview did not turn out as he expected, however, for the next time he met her was in Elmburst High-st., and she was accompanied by two of her pupils. Bertie and Selina. It was not consistent with Wilson's dignity to talk with her in these circumstances, and he raised his hat and was passing on, when she alsolutely called him: "Mr. Mainwaring, I want to speak to you particularly."

Patting on his most courtly manner, he turned, but a shiver of apprehension went through him as he did so. There was an expression of intense amusement in Miss Reydell's face that boded ill for his peace of mind. He began to wonder whether something ridiculous had not happened

to his clothes.
"Are you not afraid to look me in the face?"

"You have been saying such dreadfully severe things about me," proceeded Miss Reydell, with a ripple of laughter, "You peets are dangerous people when you take dislikes," hertie, having severely pinched his sister, was

engaged at this moment in dedging the angry young lady round Wilson's legs, a circumstance which did not lessen the peet's embarrassment. "I don't know what the things were," he fal-tered, "but they don't seem to have affected your spirits much, Miss Reydell." She laughed

and Wilson felt smaller than he had ever before, though perhaps that is not saying so very much. "Why," she said at length, restraining herself to speak seriously, "you said I was a nice girl, and it was a pity I was so ignorant of the usages

of polite society." Here Bertie, in aftempting a dangerons double, missed his footing and fell into the gutter. Miss Reydell raised him skilfully with one hand, and with the other fetched him a sounding box on the ear. "Now be quiet," she said calmly, and quiet he was for nearly a minute.

The diversion did not help Wilson much, how-

ever; he had no idea what to say, "It is too bad," he began, without knowing in the least what to say next, when, to his infinite chagrin, Miss Reydell, unable to control her feelings longer, went off first into a suppressed titler, and

dress fitted! not a crease, not a wrinkle! An impulse of self-alasement came upon him.

"I own I did say something of the sort," he replied heroically: "but I didn't mean anything by it except that I was offended at your criticism upon my wretched essay."

Miss Reydell ceased laughing and regarded the speaker with some sur rise. "Now that," she said.

Miss Reydell ceased laughing and regarded the speaker with some sur, rise. "Now that," she said, after a moment's silence, "is a manly speech."

"And therefore you are astonished to hear it from me," retorted Wilson bitterly.

"Yes," replied Miss Reydell, as though carefully weighing her words, "I didn't calculate upon that, certainly."

u; on that, certainly."

"You seem to have a great contempt for me," sa'd Wilson. "I confess I don't know what cause I have given you for it."

"Contempt is the wrong word," returned Miss "Contempt is the wrong word, returned Miss Reydell, warming up a little on her own account; "I am amused at you, and I can soon tell you why. I have read some of your writings besides the "Essay on Education," and I have heard of you from the rector and his wife. You are only a boy, and yet you write of subjects upon which the school and wiscet men are not surred as the oldest and wisest men are not agreed, as though you knew all about them. You dogmatize and preach, are sarcastic and supercilicus, moral and grave and weighty, as though you had long years of experience and a recognized position as a teacher of your fellow creatures. To me that is the most laughable state of things I have ever

"Miss Reydell, do see after Bertie, he is selashing himself from head to heel," said Mrs. Wallis, who had approached unseen, in an icy tone, "Good morning, Wilson, are you going to walk a little way with me?" and she bore the unresisting youth off.

"She will have to go," she exclaimed when they were out of hearing of the governess. "She does not know how to behave The idea of keeping you talking in the street like that! It is most improper for a person in her position, I cannot put up with it."

put up with it."

"It was no fault of mine, I assure you," said Wilson. "I was massing and she stopped me."

"The lower classes are really becoming unbearable," cried Mrs. Wallis, "I blame the Lineral party, you know, Wilson. It is very sad. Now this girl was highly recommended to us by the Churchil's—great friends of the Earl and Countess of Easom—and so we do not exactly like to do what we should otherwise feel to be used to the last of the case is hopeless. I am very much afraid." Wilson took it. first decent pretext to escape from his companion, and went to repair the damages sustained in this second disastrons encounter, if it might be. But

himself and everything connected with him began to creep both his mind. He had not done any writing for days; as surely as he wrote a sentence Miss Reydell's imagined mockery made him ashamed of it; meetally she had become—much against his will—lis mest constant contanion, and everything he did was tacitly referred to his mental ideal of her. On this unsatisfactory day did was tacitly referred to his mental ideal of her. On this unsatisfactory day he went up to his comfortable study after meeting her, and sat down to broad on what had passed. But his reflections were too painful, and he turned for

relief to his favorite piece of work—the com-mencement of his great poem upon the Religious Sentiment in Man from the Birth of the Human "When the Creator, throned aloft in bliss, Called Cosmic Earth from out the void abyss, And scattered Chao and the powers of night. With the majestic words, Let there be light.?

He felt a little better already; at any rate, even Reydell could find nothing to laugh at so far. "Then, ere our common father Adam came, Religion was and still remains the same."

III.

Wilson's fyre begin to offs.

Wilson's fyre begin to begin to the could be a was and still remains the same.

There was something wrong with the last line perhaps; he thought he heard Miss Reydell's airy haughter. And then suddenly her remark came here to finite. You are only a boy, and yet you write of subjects upon which the oldest and west men are not agreed, as though you knew west men are not agreed, as though you knew the Creation as though he had assisted at it. The thought which persisted in forcing itself upon him—that she was perfectly right—was in the highest degree napuesant, and he began to think of her as a serious enemy. She gave him the impression of being the eleverest person he had ever met, and he was sure she was quite capable of making him a laughing-stock in Elminust and enewhere, unless he managed to perform that service for her in the first place.

Now he knew that he had only to dangle after

form that service for her in the first place.

Now he knew that he had only to dangle after her a little, to task to her whenever they met, and to drop mysterious hints to his sisters; and it would be all over the town in a few days how that deep deegning adventuress the rector's governess, was setting her cap at the rich and innovent poet. After that his course was plain; in response to the wishes of all his friends, he would carefully avoid her, and then she might say whatever she liked against him; for everybody would look upon it all as mere spite, caused by the failure of her matrimonial projects. Any little injury that Miss Keydell would suffer in consequence of this arrangement seemed to Maenwaring very trivial indeed compared to the damage his reputation might sustain if she were damage his reputation might sustain if she were left to work her will unchecked. He proceeded to

possession to the utmost.
"One or two of my friends have lately men-"One or two of my friends have lately mentioned to me a certain—what shall I say?—freedom? no—want of discretion, in your behavior as regards a certain young gentleman of our acquammance—Mr. Mainwaring, in short." Miss keyleti started up, and for an instant towered above her mistress, her face and attitude so expressive of passionate scorn and defiance that Mrs. Walls quaried, but mastering her anger by a strong effort of self-control, she sank again into her chair. "There are limits even to a governess's powers

of endurance," she said in a low voice.

"I have expressed no opinion on the subject myselt," observed Mrs. Wallis. "I consider it my duty to tell you of the report." "It is a wicked and detestable calumny," said the governess 'etween her teeth.

the governess 'etween her teeth.

"Excuse me, Miss Reydell, but I do not consider the temper you show is at all becoming from one in your position."

"My position?" repeated the governess; and the word which would probably have goaded a less sangular person to inry, as Mrs. Wallis intended, restored her at once to good hamor. She smiled, reflected, and recovered herself.

"You are right," she said; "it is not I apolo-

"You are right," she said; "it is not. I apolo-e. But really it is ridiculous for anybody to uple my name with that of a silly, conceited rike Wilson Mainwaring."
"The Mainwarings are particular friends of Miss Reydeli.

'I have nothing to say against them except that they have speiled their son, who is the vainest little coxcomb, the most insufferable prig I ever knew. I confess I have studied him with "Me

I ever knew. I contess I have standed him what some care, because I think he is unique. It will probably be hundreds of years before such a character occurs again. But that is all the in-terest he has had for me."

"I cannot say that I approve of your way of speaking of one whom I believe to be a very worthy and talented young man," returned Mrs. Wallis coldly, "But perhaps we had better terminate this painful conversation. I only wish to impress upon you the necessity of great circumspection in a place like Elmhurst."

And Mrs. Wallis swept out of the room mehanting to tell all her friends that um; hantly to tell all her friends that Miss Reydell had found Wilson would have nothing to do with her, and was therefore wild with rage against him. For Mrs. Wallis hated her governess cordially, and would have dismissed her but for fear of effending those dear friends of the Earl and Countess. She, not unnaturally, found it in-tolerable that a menial should presume to look, and above all, to be more ladylike than her mistress.

IV.

THE STEANGE HORESMAN.

So far all had gone well with Wilson; but that week's "Independent" brought him a rude shock. In the correspondence column was a long letter upon his Education article, full of veiled references to himself and his other works and ways, all of which were held up to ridicule in the most unsparing style. The letter was eleverly

consumedly. It was too bad, but so very clever, and when one came to think of it, not altogether untrue, perhaps. Wilson did give himself airs, it had been noticed before. But who could have done it? Such was the general view of the case, and noboly besides Wilson himself had any idea of the writer. It was the first public cutting up he had experienced, and for a time he was quite wild with fury. He went first to Ford; but Ford was impenetrable.

"No, I refuse to give ou the name," he said, with a curious smile, "I don't think you would know it if I did. You found fault with me for praising you, and I thought you would be pleased at my impartiality. There is no satisfying some people. I shall be happy to insert anything you have to say in reply, but that is all I can do."

"It is trade happed to make the said of the said."

"It is utterly beneath my notice," cried Wilson,
"One wouldn't think so to see you now,"
remarked Ford, and there the interview ended; but Wilson's whole soul was fired with a longing for revenge. If he had possessed a shred of evi-dence against Miss Reydell he would have gone to Mrs. Wallis and demanded her dismissal, which he had no doubt that lady would have accorded with much pleasure, but he could not ask it on mere

He began at least twenty replies, but could satisfy himself with none, and the bitterness of his mertification was so great that it affected his health. He could not sleep, he was nervous his health. He could not seep, he was hervilled and depressed, he would not go out until after dark, because he got an idea that everybody in the street was laughing at him. He grew haggard and worn, and his anxious parents at length decided to send him for a holiday to the seaside.

On the morning that this decision was come to, as he stood after breakfast gazing listlessly out of the window, a strange horseman went by so well mounted and perfectly dressed as to awaken a certain languid cariosity in him. Looking more closely he recognized, with some surprise, Viscount Newmarket, the eldest son of the Earl of Epsom, whom he had seen once or twice before at cattle shows and county cricket matches. What was he doshows and county cricket matches. What was he doing in quiet little Elmhurst? Probably no good, for Lord Newmarket was not much given to doing good anywhere. He had the reputation of being a very rapid youth indeed, and he worked very hard to deserve it. Wilson watched him out of sight, and then forgot him. Later on his sisters, returning from a walk, related how Lord Newmarket was staying at the "White Hart," and had stared at them very hard as they went by; and so it chanced that Wilson meeting the head groom of the "White Hart," that evening, asked indifferently what brought Lord Newmarket to indifferently what brought Lord Newmarket to

"Ah," said the groom, with a knowing leer, "There's only one thing that will bring him so far out of his way as this, you may depend on that sie! "What's that?" asked Wilson.

"A petticoat," retorted the man, with a coarse laugh, which shook the delicate nerves of his hearer, who made some sage relections to himself on the duties of the aristocracy, as he pursued his

on the duties of the aristocracy, as he pursued his solitary way. That evening he prolonged his walk beyond the usual limit, so that when he returned it was as dark as it ever is in June. Finding himself late, he took a short cut, which led down a narrow lane and past the end of the recory garden. As he approached this spot, he benefit a sight that surprised him much—so much that he left the middle of the lane and crept along by the hedge, concealed in the thick crept along by the hedge, concealed in the thick shadow, till he was within earshot. Lord Newmarket was sitting upon the rectory garden wall, danging his legs into the lane in a careless and elegant manner, and he was talking to some-body in the garden just below him.

But hang it, said he in a tone of remon-rance, it was too bad to go off like that. You

strance, it was too bad to go on the case, might have let me know at any rate,"

"To live you the chance of stopping me!"

exchanged Miss Reydell the was quite sure of themch his heart beat so fist he thank how known exchanged Miss Reydell the was juite sure of her voice, though his heart beat so first he could scarcely hear. "No, thank you, I have known you too long to do anything of that kind." "I wish you would turn this up, and come back

with me to-morrow, said the Viscount coaxingly.
"I tell you it is quite in, ossible," replied the
governess. "I must stay till my month is out.
I promise you I will not stay longer. I am sick "Well, if you won't, you won't, and there's an end of it," remarked his lordship, "and so I may as well be off; but mind, I am awfully dull without you." Miss Keydell laughed the see tical little laugh Wilson knew so well, and then Lord Newmarket bent his lithe ngure until his boots, shooting this way and that as he balanced himself, were all

that was visible of him. "What can be be up to now?" asked Wilson perplexedly, as he watched. The sound of two more ress hearty kisses enlightened him on this point. "Good night, my dear," said the Viscount

Ford, he said impetitoricly. I must speak to the fact that her interlocator was anybody in particular.

Nothing reassured by his survey Wilson yet feet it to be his duty to stand by his friends. He began in an auster manner, "Mrs. Wallis in"My matries, you were going to say, interrupted the governess inaginns. Too are right to be road to me."

"Excuse me," said Wilson, "I was about to say only that Mrs. Wallis is a very only that Mrs. Wallis is a very only that Mrs. Wallis is a very only that first what I said was perfectly time?

"Excuse me," said Wilson, "I was about to say only that first, being the more of the more

and unfooded his tale. But good gracious me!
The giri was highly recommended—most highly recommended—by friends of the Earl and Countess of Epsom—the Church.His, in point of fact. Are you quite certain there was no mistake? Wilson was very certain indeed.

was very certain indeed.

"Then something must be done instantly," resumed the Rector, with a very troubled face; "I must consult Mrs. Wallis at opec. Of course you have spoken to no one cise upon the subject before coming here? No, no—I was sure there was no need to ask-but I only wish to point out that in this very serious juncture it behooves us all to be most careful as to what we do. For example-Lord Newmarket's name, now-it might be exceedingly awkward for us all-I mean it would be very painful to the Earl and Countess-and-and very painful to the Larl and Conniess—and—and of course we ought to spare them as much as we can, it is only Christian to do so. Perhaps, con-sidering an things, it would be as well for the present to speak only of a stranger, naming no names, you perceive? Ah, yes, I thought you would agree with me. I will go and find Mrs. Wallis it you will excuse me; and he disappeared.

"Hah," said Mr. Mainwaring, with a not, "a careful man the Rector! But he's right enough, the Earl could make it confoundedly awkward for him it he chose. It doesn't seem exactly just, though, that the girl should bear the whole brunt, though, that the girl should hear the whole brunt, and that young blackguard escape because of his name." Wilson had no interest in the abstract justice of the case; he felt his enemy was about to be crushed, and that was enough for him. He knawed the top of his waiking-stick and made no

After a short absence the Rector returned alone, "Mrs. Watlis is naturally upset," he remarked, "but she is going to speak to Miss keydell at once, and let us know the result. If the girl admits the truth of the charge, there will be no more to be said; but if, as I almost fear, she should deny it, or try to explain it away, it might be well for you to be at hand, if you can spare a Wilson would have declined at once, but his

father took the matter into his own hands, saying, "Certainly, certainly, that is only right;" and they remained talking awkwardly and disjointedly about the weather and harvest prospects. In about ten minutes Mrs. Wallis appeared, looking fushed and disconcerted. She shook hands ab-stractedly with her visitors and then burst out, I can do nothing with her; she refuses to an-wer any questions till she knows who is her accuser. Wilson's face fell, and he began to fumble

nervously with his hat and stick. "Tut, tut!" said the Rector. "But what has that to do with it?" "That is precisely the question I asked." replied

his wife; "but, as I said I can do nothing with her. She seemed neither surprised nor annoyed at the accusation. I think she is guilty, but her behavior is quite beyond me." "Let her come in," said Mr. Mainwaring; "let her come in and hear what Wilson has to say."

Oh no, father! I would much rather not," "What do you mean?" asked his parent sharply.

About a year after the novel appeared and London by storm. The governess was so eleverly London by storm. The governess was so eleverly drawn for one thing, and for another the character drawn for one thing.

son as he spoke was not devoid of something like

THE END OF WILSON.

THE END OF WILSON.

Miss Reydell appeared with great promittede, Decidedly she was much the most unembarrassed person present. Her face wore a curious sort of suppressed smile, which broke into a quickly checked laugh as she saw the miserable wilson, who was now in a state bordering on collapse. "I thought so," she exclaimed; "I was sure is could be no one else. Mr. Mainwaring, you are spy as well as poet, informer as well as spy! What an Admirable Crichton you are, to be sure!" "My spying was involuntary," replied Wilson, "Indeed!" said Miss Reydell; "and how quiet you must have been!—was that involuntary too?" "Miss Reydell," interposed the Rector, "all this is not to the point. What we wish to know is, if you met a—a—gentleman—somebody—a—a—

is, if you met a-a-gentleman-somebody-a-a-stranger to us, late last night at the bottom of the garden?"

You may remember," remarked Mrs. Wallis, with concentrated venom, "that you accounted to me for your absence by saying you had been out to

look for Selina's sash. look for Selina's sasu.

"Oh yes, I quite remember, dear Mrs. Wallis,"
returned the astonishing young lady very sweetly, "but thank you, all the same, for reminding me. You are mistaken, however; I met no stranger; I

met Lord Newmarket." "Dear, dear!" cried the Rector in a peevish voice, "what does the name matter?" "It may not matter to you," retorted Miss Reydell, "but I consider it matters a good deal to me," "It would appear," said the Rector, rising, "that we need not prolong this very painful interview. There is no need for any more to be said."

"Oh yes, there is," replied the governess, speaking with ail the coolness imaginable, "much need. What has been said so far is of very trilling importance. What is to come will probably deeply interest you ail, especially my friend the poetspy." Wilson felt horrible quaims and tremors; there was something in the young lady's untroubled countenance and serene way of speaking that filled him with dismal misgivings. One would have thought, to see the two, that he was the calprit, and Miss Reydell the accuser. Mrs. Wallis, too, was not entirely easy before Miss Reydell's self-possession. Supposing that there had been a secret marriage, and the girl were really Lotd Newmarket's wife? Well, even then the supposed governess had treated her very badly. She steeled her soul to bear what fate might have in store for her and crossed her arms defiantly. But at this moment a diversion occurred which created a total change in the aspect of affairs. The Rector, glancing out of the widow, suddenly exclaimed: "Why, here comes Lord Newmarket himself!" "No. no, it can't be!" cried Miss Reydell. "He promised he would not. Oh, what a missance!" and she wrung her hands in uncontrollable vexation, as a loud knock sounded through the house. Then seeing that she had gone too far, she relapsed into a mortified sitence, while her companions glanced at each other with rising complacency and Wilson felt himself much better. The change was not lost upon Miss Reydell, and "Oh yes, there is," replied the governess, speak.

panons granced at each other with rising placency and Wilson felt himself much better. The change was not lost upon Miss Reydell, and her brow grew very dark.

"It is just like him, he always makes a muddle in the control of the co

of everything," she murmured; "but it can't be

The servant announced his lordship with a rather scared face. "Show him into the drawing-room." snapped Mrs. Wallis: but before anything could be done the governess opened the door and said loudly, "I am here, Jack; come in: " Consternation reigned as the audacious words were heard. What would this inscrutable and shameless woman do next? His lordship marched into the room, and looked around upon the company with excusable astonishment. "Thought you were alone, yow know," he protested.

But the rector and the rector's wife had seized him by the hands, and were pouring out inquiries about "the dear Ear! and the dear Countess"

"Well, the Earl is confoundedly annoyed about "Well, the Earl is confoundedly annoyed about this affair, as well he may be," explained the Viscount, when he could get a word in. "He's found out all about it, Honoria," he proceeded, speaking to Miss Reydell. "That's why I've come now instead of going away as I promised. Here's his letter, which I received this morning. He says he won't speak to the Churchills again. And I have to apologize very fully and completely to you. Dr. Wallis, and to your wife for everything that has occurred."

that has occurred. a

A grim and ghastly silence fell upon the
company. Mrs. Wallis's face was as a book wherein
might be read the strangest matters. Wilson,
while not seeing exactly how things were going
had an idea that on the whole the danger was

"What can be be up to now?" asked Wilson perplexedly, as he watched. The sound of two more or less hearty kisses enlightened him on this point. "Good night, my dear," said the Viscount cheerity.

"Good night, goose," replied Mss Reydell; and then his tordship leaped from his perch and rapidly disappeared in the darkness, whistling "Giver the Garden Wall" very much out of time. Wilson waited till he heard the governess's sieps die away down the garien, and then be too resumed his homeward journey tuil of exuitation. His enemy had been delivered into his hands with a vengeance. It did not surprise him; it was much as he had expected, he tord miseff. It seemed to him in stret accordance with a wise.

What?" asked his lordship in a very high

"What?" asked his lordship in a very high y, "I thought you had been explaining everything before I came." The silence grew deeper, and with Lord Newmarket's eyes upon him Wilson heard it boiling in his ears.

"wen, you know," remarked his fordship at tast in a conversational tone, tooking around as ne spoke, "of course sizes my youngest sister, fromera, you know-Lasy Honoria Binemoral." hirs warns are real into a chair with a dull him, and remained exactly as she had dropped. Wilson repeated the name to himself once of twice with a vacant smile. He realized the lack that he would have picuty of time to think the

matter out afterward. The rector, rubbing his hands and smiring a watery smire, suggested in the humoiest tones that a little explanation "Ab, yes," replied his lordship, "perhaps it would, but I am no good at an explanation. I only make things worse toan they were before if I my to explain. Honoria can tell you everything,"

"there is not much to explain," said his ster. "Mrs. Churchill and I are engaged in citing a realistic novel together, and we wanted writing a realistic movel together, and we wanted to describe the daily life of a governess. So we arew lots who should take a situation for month. If she had lost I should have highly recommended her-but she won, so she highly recommended her, and here I have been for more than three weeks making notes for our book. The people at the Towers thought I was staying with Mrs. Churchill, as I often on. My brother went to see me-tound I wasn't there-and wormed the secret out of her. How my father got to know I can't tell. A ter all, I don't see why anybody should compain or a ologize or make a tuss. I have done my duty very well, and Mrs. Wallis's children are much better behaved than when I came. And I have found—she glanced at the wretched Wilson with a smile—"I have found an entirely new character, that has been worth all my

trouble, and more. Mrs. Wallis rese, made a deep bow to Lord Newmarket, and went out of the room, without taking the least notice of anybody else. The world she was so particularly fond of, "A person in year position, Miss Reydell," were ringing in her head like so many electric bells.

Mr. Mainwaring followed her with his eyes, and then turned to Wisson, "Our business is done, I think," said he calmly; "come along-Good morning to you all."

"I shall be ready to come with you in ten-minutes," said Lady Honoria to her brother when the Mainwarings were gone; and with these words she departed, leaving the rector and Lord New-market a non-translate. market a one together,

The latter feit that something more was required of him even yet, and burst out at once

"My sister Honoria is a very nice girl when you come to know her, Dr. Wallis, awfully clever and literary and all that, but she always was and she always will be madder than the maddest hatter that ever existed. That's what is the matter with her. She has been no end of trouble both to her father and mother, and the Earl is dreadfully sorry that this should have happened, and he bids me say that when his gout is better, he fully intends to come and a plenty to two himself. a ologize to you himself.

"Say no more, my dear Lord Newmarket,"

exclaimed the enraptured rector. "Say no more! We consider it a favor to have bad your charming sister with us. If the Earl should deign to do us such an honor as you s eak of that is, to visit our humble abode, for I could not of course our humble abode, for I could not of think of his apologizing to one so unworthy as mysef—it will be the proudest and happiess mement of my life!"

"Wilson," said Mr. Mainwaring as they walked home. "You need a complete change of air. As a voyage is the thirg for you. Try New-Zealand and go soon—you needn't wait for the archery meeting at the Towers."

About a year after the novel appeared and took London by storm. The governess was so eleverly

"Are you afraid to face her? If you are speaking the truth what have you to be ashamed of?—
Let her come in, Mr. Wallis," he repeated in a stern voice; "we will probe this affair to the bottom at once." And the look he east upon his year at least—(II. E. Clarke in Belgravia.

Mrs. Wallis, amid a solemn silence, rang bell. "Ask Miss Reydell to be so good as to into the study."